Simmons Laura DRAWER 28a Poets

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Lincoln Poetry

Poets

Laura Simmons

Excerpts from newspapers and other sources

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71.2009.085.05510

LINCOLN

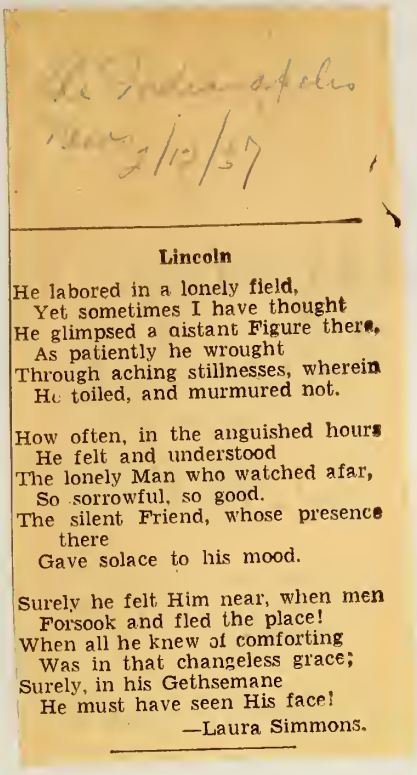
He labored in a lonely field,
Yet sometimes I have thought
He glimpsed a Figure distant there
As patiently he wrought
Through aching stillnesses, wherein
He toiled, and murmured not.

How often in the anguished hours
He felt and understood
The Lonely One who watched afar
So sorrowful, and good,
The Silent Friend Whose presence there
Gave solace to his mood.

Surely he felt Him near, when men
Forsook and fled the place!
When all he knew of comforting
Was in that changeless grace!
Surely, in his Gethsemane
He must have seen His face!

—LAURA SIMMONS.

Boston Sunday Globe Feb. 12, '28



The Indianapolis
News 2/12/37

Lincoln

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Simmons, Laura LINCOLN "He labored in a lonely field,"

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—Laura Simmons.

Simmons, Laura LINCOLN "Surely upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn"

LINCOLN

Surely upon his shoulders, gaunt and worn,
The seamless garment touched, invisibly!
Surely he came upon Gethsemane!
And was there not one single piercing thorn
From that dark wreath of anguish for his brow?
Within that grail of bitterness we know
Was held one drop that he alone must drain,
While from the crowd, the stinging gibe again —
With lurking thrust that sped him to his fate.
Friend of the friendless, meek, compassionate —
Ours be the tragic grief — the haunting thought:
"He dwelt among us — and we knew him not!"

— Laura Simmons.

2/11/45

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Simmons, Laura Lincoln "Surely upon his shoulders --"

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